

## BIG MARKET FAIR

Will be Held in Connection  
With Race Meeting.

FIRST WEEK IN SEPTEMBER

Farmers to be Paid Handsome  
Premiums on Products.

The farmers of Sedgewick county are to be given a chance to exhibit their products at the next annual race meeting in this city, which will be a means of greater and better attractions than have heretofore been given at the fair here. It is generally conceded that a fair without a show of the products of the farm will not attract the crowds from the country, nor does it serve to advertise the goodness of Sedgewick county when the fair is conducted purely on the attractions of the race course. Next fall the race meeting will include one of the finest displays of products of the farm ever seen in Sedgewick county, and the assistance of the farmers will be enlisted in the work. It will be in reality a farmers' market fair.

The directors of the fair association at their last meeting decided to hold the fair on Sept. 4, 5, 6, and 7th. The principal feature of the market fair is for the exhibition of the products of the farm in two horse wagon loads, such as wheat, corn, oats, apples, potatoes, etc., upon which the fair association guarantees the sale and top market price. For instance, for the best load of hard wheat the top market price and 10 per cent above that price for the load receiving first premium, 15 per cent above for second premium, 10 per cent above for third premium, and 10 per cent above for fourth premium, with a guarantee that they will take all other wheat exhibited, at market value shown in this exhibit. All other products will be handled the same.

On hogs, cattle, sheep, etc., the top market price will be guaranteed with premiums of 25, 15 and 10 per cent added. This kind of a fair, in the opinion of many, the farmer sought to take as a duck takes to water and will most likely be a winner.

A list of prominent farmers will be selected as vice-presidents and superintendents of different departments, which will add greatly to its success. The association has also opened for Sedgewick county breeders and owners, a stake for four-year-old trotters, with one hundred dollars added money by the association which ought to set the boys to training their colts. The entrance fee for those who enter their colts is on the easy-payment plan as follows: To those who enter April 1st, the cost will be \$5.00, with 25¢ cash and the balance on June 1st; to those who enter May 1st, \$10.00 entrance fee, \$5.00 cash and balance June 1st; to those who enter June 1st, the date of the closing of the entries, \$10.00 cash. Colts must be described and named in each instance. No entry will be held for more than 10 days. Mile heats, 2 in 1, money divided on 25, 15 and 10 per cent.

It is said that this will prove the greatest fair in an agricultural way Sedgewick county ever held, as it is a fair the farmer can attend every day, at the small cost of 25 cents, with profit to himself and family.

## COUNTY TEACHERS' MEETING

Interesting Subjects to be Discussed  
February 17.

The county teachers' 11 meet in the court house Saturday, February 17. Our general vice president, Ira Parker and J. C. Temple, will be the hosts at the round table, discussing "If it be best to urge a pupil to take the county examination." "Hobbies may be a disease." Miss Randall, secretary, will discuss a few forms. Miss Culver, our treasurer, will help her. "That Boy" will be discussed by Chas. M. Fifer, the president, aided by County Superintendent Colville. State Superintendent Nelson is expected to be with us. It is rumored that Co. Supt. Colville and Miss Randall will sing a duet.

Remember the date and bring your friends. CHAS. M. FIFER, Pres. HARRY RANDALL, Secy.

## MR. DUNBAR'S MOVEMENT

To Get Casket Factory for Wichita  
Is Attracting Attention.

In this month's issue of Sunnyside, an undertaking journal, is an article by H. C. Dunbar on the advantages possessed by Wichita as a point for the establishment of a casket factory. In the article Mr. Dunbar says there is not a casket factory west of St. Louis nor east of San

## PNEUMONIA

leaves the lungs weak and opens the door for the germs of Consumption. Don't wait until they get in, and you begin to cough. Close the door at once by healing the inflammation.

**Scott's Emulsion** makes the lungs germ-proof; it heals the inflammation and closes the doors. It builds up and strengthens the entire system with wonderful rapidity.

See and feel all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

## STARVED



## HAIR

Slow growth of hair comes from lack of hair food. The hair has no life.

It is starved. It keeps coming out, gets thinner and thinner, bald spots appear, then actual baldness.

The only good hair food you can buy is—

**AYER'S HAIR VIGOR**

It feeds the roots, stops starvation, and the hair grows thick and long. It cures dandruff also. Keep a bottle of it on your dressing table.

It always restores color to faded or gray hair. Mind, we say "always."

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

"I have found your Hair Vigor to be the best remedy I have ever tried for the hair. My hair was falling out very bad, so I thought I would try a bottle of it. I had tried one bottle, and my hair stopped falling out, and it is now real thick and long."

JOHN J. MONTAGNA, July 28, 1898. Yonkers, N. Y.

Write the Doctor.

We will send you our book on The Hair and Scalp. Ask him any question you wish. Your hair will receive a prompt answer free. Address, Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.

Francisco and none at all to the north or the south. He also states that there is unemployed capital in this city that is looking for an opportunity to invest in this kind of an enterprise.

Already Mr. Dunbar is beginning to receive inquiries about the conditions here. One of these is from a Mr. Willard of New York City. Mr. Willard is the manager of the Nunda Casket Co., and says that he has been in the casket business for about twenty-five years. In his letter he states that at present his capital is all invested but that if a company was organized, he could take considerable stock. He also asked about the kind of lumber that could be bought at this point and what would be the probable price.

Mr. Dunbar is much pleased over the success of his article in the Sunnyside and is very enthusiastic about Wichita's having a casket factory. He says that Wichita has a large tributary territory and that if it is properly developed, it will manage to grow into a large concern. He is of the opinion that, if the commercial club would take up the matter they could easily get some experienced man to come here and open a factory.

Stop your hair falling out! "Erysipelas" resulted in entire loss of my hair; two bottles Boggs' Hair Renewer gave me a fine growth."—John A. Linder, editor Advocate, Hummelton, Ia. Guaranteed for all scalp diseases; restores natural growth of hair. J. P. Allen, Dockum & Higginson, Geo. Van Warden.

## RECEPTION FOR BISHOP VINCENT

Great Preparations Being Made for  
Chautauqua Social Union.

The arrangements are about completed for the reception to be given Bishop Vincent at Sedgewick hall Saturday evening by the members of the Wichita Chautauqua Social Union and their invited guests. A very excellent program has been prepared. Light refreshments will be served. Addresses of welcome will be delivered by representatives of the various Chautauqua Circles, as follows:

Alumni—Mr. James Allison.  
Sunflower Circle—Mrs. Finlay Ross.  
Assembly Circle—Dr. S. S. Noble.  
Alma Circle—Miss Jessie Hamilton.  
Verna Circle—Mrs. J. L. Liden.  
East Side Circle—Rev. James Lawrence.

Light refreshments will be served. During the evening Bishop Vincent will present to the readers of last year their certificates. It is expected that there will be upward of 200 Chautauquans and their guests at the reception, and the event will be a fitting honor to a great man and a leader in the great Chautauqua movement in this country.

For all sores, ulcers, wounds, burns and skin diseases—Boggs' German Salve, the famous pine core. C. H. Liden, Nevada, Mo., says: "It gave me immediate relief from piles and effected a permanent cure." A guaranteed remedy, endorsed by physicians. J. P. Allen, Dockum & Higginson, Geo. Van Warden.

## SERVICES HELD TODAY

Masonic Bodies Will Conduct Funeral  
of Mr. Bennet.

The body of Mr. Bennet Bénédict will arrive from Fort Worth over the Rock Island this morning and will be received by Wichita lodge No. 26, A. F. and A. M., who will have charge of the funeral services which will be held at the temple, corner First and Main, at 2 o'clock this afternoon. All friends of the deceased are invited to be present at the services. The body will be taken to the temple immediately upon their arrival upon the Rock Island train at 9:40, where they will rest in state until the funeral services in the afternoon are completed. Interment will be made in the old cemetery. Mr. Bennet, a well-known member of Wichita Lodge No. 26, also the chapter and commandery of this city.

## ALMA CHAUTAUQUA CIRCLE

Will Meet With Prof. and Mrs. Scott  
Next Week.

The Alma Chautauqua Circle meets with Prof. and Mrs. Scott, Tuesday, February 13, Dr. Dwyer, leader.

"Expansion"—Mr. Gibson.  
"American Letters"—Prof. Scott.  
Music—Miss Deam.

Reading Journey—Mrs. Soule.  
Five-minute paper on "The Building of Versailles"—Will Ratz.  
Five-minute paper on "Maria Theresa"—Miss Witbeck.

Reading—Lulu Parker.  
Five-minute paper on "Duc d'Angoulême"—Carl Oldfield.  
Chautauqua songs.

## MEXICAN CITY DYING

Signs of Wretchedness and  
Decay in Old Zacatecas.

PRISONERS IN THE STREETS

Victor Murdock Finds More  
Wichita People.

Zacatecas, Feb. 1.—Today we climbed Buta and we created excitement in the part of Zacatecas. Right above this city is a hill, about one thousand feet high and sheer, which is shaped like a buffalo, hence called Buta. On top of this hill is a chapel, built in 1728 by a Spaniard and called Los Remedios. Near it is a cross twenty feet high marking a battlefield.

Of the three churches at Zacatecas, it is the least important. We took in all three and know. First we visited the church of Guadalupe. One chapel there is the most glittering thing from human hands I ever seen. An architect, a painter and a cardinal could together write a full description of it. No one else would try. What impressed me most was the floor of this church, a very ancient, velvet wood, across which a platoon of heavily-armed policemen could walk without making more noise than so many cats.

Then we went into the cathedral. Its magnificence of course is beyond one, and the mind for cathedrals, grasps some small detail and clings to it. The detail in this instance was an acoustic charm, probably common to all great cathedrals, whereby the air is set quivering with the voice of some forty women kneeling in the church and telling their beads in unison. Technically of course this is not an answer to the best fingers. Most of those who retired, knelt at the door and kissed the floor.

In the afternoon we set out for the church on the hill. Something after the fashion of working one of these circular puzzles, where you are to reach the center without retracing any lines, we dodged in and out of the tortuous streets and finally had to ask the aid of a policeman and it is wonderful how useless pantomime can render language. Pointed to the hill, pointed up a street, and that was all. He smiled, shook his head, raised his hand to show the steep ascent, breathed hard to discourage us. We insisted. So away we went on a journey few foreigners care to attempt. We soon discovered that we were on an unusual journey, for while the past week the city has had many tourists, the population came to the door and chattered and smiled at us and shook their heads. Children began tagging after us, out of curiosity, and soon we had a procession of thirty half-naked little tots trailing in our steps. It was steep from the word "go," and as the altitude increased, it was exceedingly laborious and we began to feel that strange taste of blood in the throat which comes with high climbing.

The policeman, the limits of the city being reached, now left us, but the children remained with us. We soon reached a descent of granite into which had been worn with hands and knees of the penitential pilgrims for centuries, grooves. Finally we reached the top and ascended the wall by a great flight of stone steps, the children remaining below. We went into the church and viewed it, but a solitary figure in zarape swaying before the lighted altar, made sight-seeing seem profane, and we tip-toed out again and stood on the wall and waved handkerchiefs and hat to the watchers below, and were answered by all of them, including policeman's club. When we reached the policeman again he conducted us back to the end of his beat, where we knew the way.

Before leaving Zacatecas, this word Zacatecas is dying. On the night of September 8, 1894, Jean de Tolosa built a camp-fire here. From that fire trickled out a little silver thread. In two years a city, a silver city, had grown here. For over four hundred years men delved, and brought forth silver and Zacatecas prospered. But the silver is pinching out. The mines are coming to be holes in the ground. The people are becoming poorer and poorer. Half of them I am told never take their clothes off, and sleep on the floor. I saw more wretchedness here than I ever saw before or will ever see again. The place is now a shanty town. Hundreds of other houses are deserted, their walls broken and cactus growing in their floors. I saw an Englishman, a mine owner, pacing the court of our hotel and looking all varieties of despair. One gentleman told me that Zacatecas had lost half of its population in the last five years.

Of all the cities of Mexico this one, in its primitive way, most closely resembles ancient Jerusalem, and a recital of a lament scene in its "last days" may not be amiss.

This is what happened in the plaza under our portico this morning. Day-break and the rumble of bells, those on the hills answering the rumble of those in the cathedral tower.

The click and swish of sandals feet, from soldiers conducting fifteen convicts to work from the prison near by. Every convict has his zarape; soldiers in white. First two convicts have across their shoulders a wooden beam on which is swung between them a barrel with brooms in it. Most of the convicts carry crow-bars and each has a little woven sack over his back. Soldiers cavalcade; one shoulders his gun; another swings his across his back; another carries arms; soldiers and convict alike sandaled. Just as this group swings around our corner another group meets them. One group of convicts give a uniform cheer of some length; the other group answers, seemingly feebly. It is probably the Mexican horse-laugh given in cases of mutual misfortune.

One convict and soldiers are dropped in our plaza. The convict is armed with one of the old-fashioned brooms. Mother Goose is pictured as riding, round and shaped like a shaving brush. He sweeps around in our plaza. Evidently he doesn't do it right, for the soldiers take a hand.

## CANCER

With Soothing, Balm Oils.

Cancer, Tumor, Catarrh, Piles, Fistula, Ulcers, Eczema and all Skin and Wound Diseases. Write for Illustrated Book. Address:

**DR. BYE,**  
Cor. 9th and Broadway, Kansas City, Mo.

## Drunkenness Cured

It is Now Within the Reach of Every  
Woman to Save the Drunkard.

A Trial Package Mailed Free to All.

By a new discovery which can be given in tea, coffee or food, and does its work so silently and surely that while the devoted wife, sister or daughter looks on, the drunkard is reclaimed even against his will and without his knowledge or co-operation. Send your name and address to Dr. J. W. Haines, 1567 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio, and he will mail enough of the remedy free to show how it is used in tea, coffee or food, and that it will cure the dreaded habit quietly and permanently; also full directions how to use it, books and testimonials from hundreds who have been cured, and every thing needed to aid you in saving those near and dear to you from a life of degradation and ultimate poverty and disgrace.

## How to Quit Tobacco.

A new discovery, odorless and tasteless, that ladies can give in coffee or any kind of food, and does its work so silently and surely that while the devoted wife, sister or daughter looks on, the drunkard is reclaimed even against his will and without his knowledge or co-operation. Send your name and address to Dr. J. W. Haines, 1567 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio, and he will mail enough of the remedy free to show how it is used in tea, coffee or food, and that it will cure the dreaded habit quietly and permanently; also full directions how to use it, books and testimonials from hundreds who have been cured, and every thing needed to aid you in saving those near and dear to you from a life of degradation and ultimate poverty and disgrace.

seizes the broom and show him how. This goes on for some time. The east is flushing red now and a man drives up an immense two-wheeled cart with some things caged in it. The cart is drawn by three burros. He disappears and his cart remains there for some time. The man? Think. The water peddler comes along. There is balanced on the burrow's back a wicker panner in which are set small earthen jugs, containing drinking water from the mountains, for pure water is marketable here.

A dark man rides up on a burro and dangles before him about six other burros, and across the back of each are balanced bags of silver, tightly closed.

Another group of burros and drivers follow, these burros loaded mountainously high with great circular bundles of green stuff, which are corn stalks and husks cut up meticulously fine. More burros come along loaded with chunks of meat; others loaded with bread; others with cloth. Every driver instead of saying "get up" or clucking, repeats again and again "S-a-s-a-s-a," like the short hiss of escaping steam. At first when you hear this sound you rather fancy that the drivers, who are staring at you and your strange dress, are gawking you by expressing much surprise. But you learn better.

By this time the convict has the triangular plaza pretty well swept and puts all dirt in that straw bag and hute and the soldier march off.

Then somebody turns the water on in the fountain. This water is not fit to drink, but is used for washing purposes. But the people begin to loiter, in mostly women with jars about two feet and a half high. They dip these full from the fountain and then load them onto their shoulders. This is an interesting operation. I saw two women get the jars to their shoulders unaided. The jug full of water is very heavy; the women add one another. The jug is lifted quickly to the left shoulder while the woman reaches up and over with her right hand and grasps the top of the jug, the left arm going akimbo. There must be two or three hundred women who get water from this fountain. Two girls came up while I was watching and a young fellow helped them with their jugs, and chuckled each impartially under the chin and sent them off giggling. Then scores of boys appeared, each with square tin cans, holding about three gallons, at either end of a beam. Filling these with water they would walk off with the beam over their shoulders, as Chinamen used to be shown in pictures. Afterward three of these boys appeared on our plaza and proceeded to dash water on the cobblestones by the way of sprinkling.

There now rides by some sort of an army officer. He has a very big sword. The front of his stirrups are closed with plates of silver. His uniform is of dark blue, and is plentifully sprinkled with very tiny and innumerable silver buttons. He has a heavy black beard which he strokes. His is the first heavy beard I have seen in Mexico. The sun has now broken into the valley and many people come along selling their wares. One particularly sad-faced individual cries "Pulque! pulque! pulque!" a popular drink. Others sell tortillas, a kind of pan-cake.

A burro exists fractions and dumps his harness off. It takes thirty-two Mexicans to get that harness on again and then they accomplish it at arm's length.

The people across the way now begin to stir. All the buildings opposite are brilliantly painted and look as much like real buildings as those on Mr. Marting's canvas sliding scenes. We discover that they are occupied by one family, who are aristocrats. About 9 o'clock a carriage, style of 1875, drives up, and a man in a silk hat with a kind of black cape overcoat comes and gets in and goes jolting away over the rockiest pavement ever laid in this or any other country.

Four men come along with that dog-dog which every peon has, carrying on their shoulders a rough coffin. They are bound for the new cemetery. The old one is full and has been looked up. And you wonder if it is true that the city, too, is dying and that man will leave it at last, to let its cathedral and its graveyards struggle on alone along the road to darkness and decay.

We are at the depot here bound for Mexico City when a very handsome young man in light overcoat and a soft felt hat calls our name and we recognize Robert Bean, son of Colonel Bean of Wichita, and formerly of Wichita himself. He is agent for the Waters-Pierce Oil company at Zacatecas and is prospering. He wanted to be remembered to all his Wichita friends.

Wichita is everywhere. I told about meeting Sam Mountain at El Paso. I looked out the window at Torreon and there among a thousand zarape-dressed figures I saw our own Mr. Hartman, who is superintendent of the Chihuahua division of the Mexican Central. When you get on a train in this or any other land, keep your eyes opened. You will find old friends, formerly of Wichita.

**VICTOR MURDOCK**  
WON'T SHAKE ANY MORE

Dick Dodd Got Mixed Up With a Pest House Case.

Sheriff Simmons introduced Dick Dodd to a man named Smith yesterday. Mr. Dodd was very courteous and easily grasped Mr. Smith's hand. Then Mr. Simmons, by way of making the introduction better understood, said: "Mr. Smith is just out of the pest house. Mr. Dodd, but I think he is all right." Thereupon Mr. Dodd broke for the door. He went straight to the lavatory and washed his hands three times, and then he did not of said. He won't shake hands any more.

## HE CURES FIENDS

Barber Harry Casson Hypnotizes  
Cigarette Smokers.

MAKES THEM VERY SICK

Number of Boys Have Been  
Broken of the Habit.

Mr. Harry Casson a barber on North Main street has a new way for curing the cigarette habit. He is probably one of the best hypnotists in the country and cures the cigarette fiends by the suggestion that they will be made very sick by smoking.

Already several young men who have been smokers for many years have been cured by allowing him to give them this suggestion. One of the peculiar points in his method is that he does not put his subjects fully into a hypnotic state. If, when he starts to work on a man, the fellow is nervous, he simply takes him by the hand in order to get him quiet. After this, he merely looks at him and tells him what he is to do. When he has the subject sufficiently under his control, he tells him to make a cigarette and smoke it. The fellow of course does this, but he does not smoke very long for he soon commences to get sick. No matter how bad a fiend anyone may be, the cigarette will soon taste so rank that he cannot smoke it. Nor is this all, for during the time he is getting sick, the suggestion and grand effects that characterized it last time he thinks of smoking.

Every night one of the gentlemen who have been taking this treatment will appear by a reporter for the Eagle and in reply to the question as to how he felt, said: "Casson had me sit down in a chair and told me to make a cigarette and smoke it. All the time I was doing this he sat looking at me. At first the cigarette was all right, but it soon commenced to have a horrible taste and I had to throw it down. Before I began to smoke, he told me that it would make me sick, and it surely did. Then he told me that whenever I wanted to smoke I could do so, but I haven't ever wanted to, for every time I think about it that awful taste comes back and I get sick."

"I've been smoking for years and have tried to quit a good many times but have never been able to do so. I am very glad to get rid of the habit and don't think I shall ever smoke another cigarette."

In addition to his ability to cure the cigarette habit, Mr. Casson is a good hypnotist. His friends can tell about many incidents of his ability to influence other people's minds. The negro boy who works in the shop is a good subject and Casson makes him do all kinds of queer things. The other day he gave him a silver dollar and told him that if he could keep it in his pocket he could have it. As the boy knew what was coming, he went to the back of the room and wrapped the dollar in a piece of paper, and put it in his inside vest pocket. But it did not stay there very long before the boy jerked it out and threw it to the other end of the room. When asked why he didn't keep it in his pocket, he said: "That blamed dollar got so hot that I believe it burned a hole in my vest and I couldn't keep it there." It is said that on several other occasions when the boy would be sweeping out, he has thrown the broom to the other end of the shop with a yell of pain. The colored boy declared the broom handle was red hot.

**MUSIC AND DRAMA.**  
GRAPHOPHONE CONCERT.

At the Crawford theatre Saturday afternoon and evening an interesting novelty will be presented. A concert of

twenty-six numbers, comprising selections from Gilmora's band, Columbia orchestra, vocal solo, violin solo, and medleys. The machine known as the Graphophone grand was tried in the theatre the other day and could be heard distinctly at all parts of the house. A Washington correspondent writes: "Two thousand people sat for an hour and a half in one of the principle theaters of the city while from the grand shining cylinder came in turn comedy and tragedy, music, vocal and instrumental, conversation and oratory. The Graphophone grand told why it was there and what it could do, introducing in its own way each successive proof of its enlarged powers. And in all parts of the house, top and bottom and centre and sides, the words were spoken as distinctly as if the human voice was uttering them directly, rather by mechanical proxy. This will be both instructive and entertaining and in order that all may have an opportunity of seeing and hearing this great invention the price to both entertainments will be only ten cents."

Says the Bishop of London: "I think the drama is an admirable form of popular teaching as well as amusement. I do not often go to the theatre myself, for I prefer plays that have literary merit, and these are not numerous." The best written drama of the century is the dramatization of Stanley T. Weyman's story "Under the Red Robe" by Edward Rose, adaptor of "The Prisoner of Zenda." "Under the Red Robe" claims great literary merit, and is classed with the big successes, as the New York Herald dated Oct. 15th, 1899, says: "The greatest dramatic successes in the immediate past have been won by plays that were originally novels. 'Tillie's' 'Under the Red Robe' and 'The Little Minister' stand out with special emphasis. But they are only the most remarkable of a remarkable series."

The play is to be presented here at the Crawford theatre soon and will be mounted with all of the original scenery and grand effects that characterized its great success during the long run at the Empire theatre, New York. Mr. Paul Caseneuve heads an unusually large and powerful dramatic organization.

At the Crawford theatre will soon be seen the funniest comedy ever written, "A Hot Old Time." Since its presentation in this city, the comedy has been rewritten by Geo. M. Cohan, a bright and trenchant writer, and in its present state, it is promised that it is brighter and funnier than ever. Unlike most so-called farces, "A Hot Old Time" possesses a plot, the story of which is a pleasing one, prettily told and delightfully concluded. It overflows with bright dialogue and much-provoking situations, is made up of distinct, impressive characters and moves with unrelenting activity. Throughout the piece are introduced a number of the latest musical numbers, ensemble and high class vaudeville acts.

The company includes such well known fun-makers as John Jess, William McKim, John C. Leach, William Black, John Gleason, William Finley, Jack Darlington, Ada Henry, Ada Melrose, Earl Revare, Hyberta Pryme, Bertha Gleason, and Annie St. Tel, the imitatable dancer. The music is in the hands of that popular composer and director, Frank Hodges. The company will be splendidly mounted with special scenery and the newest ideas in mechanical and electrical effects.

At the Crawford theatre merit of the highest order of excellence will reign, when Hoyt's brightest composition and most successful comedy, "A Contented Woman" will be presented. "A Contented Woman" is an amusing satire on the woman in politics. It teems with bright lines, particularly Hoyt's epigrams in their sharpness, and the foibles of the gentler sex who dabble in politics and advocate the "new woman" all estranged with humor, and to use a paradoxical expression, kindly severity. The story is said to be an interesting one and is founded upon the law recently passed in some far western state, giving women the right to vote, and allowing them to hold office.

The scenes are laid in Denver, and the

scenery used in the production here will be the same as used at Hoyt's theatre, New York, and is pronounced the most extravagant ever seen in comedy.

It is pretty well known that Mr. Hoyt never has a poor cast, and in "A Contented Woman" he has secured the best talent possible, which, no doubt, has made "A Contented Woman" the most successful of all the bright comedies he has turned out.

Miss Belle Archer heads the cast and she will be supported by such artists as Augusta DeForest, Henrietta Lee, Bonnie Lottie, John L. McKim, Arthur F. Buchanan, C. P. Morison, Will Granger and the beauty trio, last season's sensation with "Jack and the Beanstalk."

The forming of several theatre parties indicates a royal reception for "A Contented Woman."

**FERRIS COMEDIANS.**  
The next theatrical event will be the appearance of the Ferris Comedians at Crawford's theatre, during the week of Feb. 12. Since this organization entered upon its western tour there has been rivalry among prominent critics as to who could praise the attraction in the highest manner. A Chicago newspaper man of prominence recently said: "I have seen many companies but must confess the one which Dick Ferris presented at the Plaza last evening was the best we have had in years. When a manager of popularized theatres offer such talented artists as Grace Hayward, Emily Battle, Jessie Pringle, Sam Myrie, S. Catton and Ferdinand Graham, it is time for Freshman, Hoyt and Schuman to get their flaring caps on." The company which Mr. Ferris will present in Wichita consists of 20 members and is the same one that created such an impression throughout the east, while the dramatic talent, nice vaudeville performers are carried, of which Miss Ernie Veronie, the late feature of Koster & Bial's New York Music Hall, is included. Graham's late comedy drama, entitled "Little Jim," will be the opening play. The piece was written for this company and will be presented, dressed and staged in the same form as when staged for a run in the east. On Monday night ladies will be admitted free, if accompanied by the holder of a paid 25-cent ticket, providing same has been reserved before 6 p. m. The prices of admission will be 10, 20 and 30 cents.

**CASORIA.**  
Bears the Signature of  
Chas. H. Fletcher

Paris, Feb. 7.—Adolph E. Rothchild, who had a bank in Naples at the time of the Neapolitan massacre, died in this city today. He had always retained intimate relations with the royal family

Take one cup containing Arbuckles' Coffee and one cup containing the usual high-priced coffee. Give them to a coffee connoisseur. Ask him to test them. Leave price out of the question. He'll tell you there's more aroma, more real coffee-flavor in Arbuckles' than in the other.

The flavor is right, the price is right. Buying and selling millions of pounds every year enables us to make the price right. It is an honest coffee, at an honest price. Try it and see for yourself. Save the difference in price for little needs or little luxuries.

**ARBUCKLES' ROASTED COFFEE**

is used daily in millions of homes all over the country. It will serve you. Why not start this week with Arbuckles'? And remember that with each package, you purchase a definite part of some useful article. Yours on presentation of a certain number of signatures cut from the wrapper. A list of fifty articles, from which to select, in every package. Make a note to get Arbuckles' next time you want coffee.

**ARBUCKLE BROS., Notion Dept., New York City, N. Y.**

Take one cup containing Arbuckles' Coffee and one cup containing the usual high-priced coffee. Give them to a coffee connoisseur. Ask him to test them. Leave price out of the question. He'll tell you there's more aroma, more real coffee-flavor in Arbuckles' than in the other.

The flavor is right, the price is right. Buying and selling millions of pounds every year enables us to make the price right. It is an honest coffee, at an honest price. Try it and see for yourself. Save the difference in price for little needs or little luxuries.

**ARBUCKLES' ROASTED COFFEE**

is used daily in millions of homes all over the country. It will serve you. Why not start this week with Arbuckles'? And remember that with each package, you purchase a definite part of some useful article. Yours on presentation of a certain number of signatures cut from the wrapper. A list of fifty articles, from which to select, in every package. Make a note to get Arbuckles' next time you want coffee.

**ARBUCKLE BROS., Notion Dept., New York City, N. Y.**